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NEW SERIES.

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Correspondence of the Philadelphia Saturday Gazette.

The Evil One in France.

From "Notes of a Peasant."

BY PROFESSOR FINNEY.

LA CHAPELLE, 1852.

To a Protestant, the familiarity with which the peasants speak of Satan is as surprising as the lively hatred they bear him is edifying. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere. This forms so prominent a part of their manners that I feel obliged to consecrate a chapter or two to diabolical matters. To them, Satan is no metaphysical entity more or less vague, but an individual who may be seen and talked with, who goes to fairs, makes visits, and who may be bargained with, cheated, played tricks on, and even outwitted.

Le Petit Albert, a vigorous book sold at a high price by the peddlars, and of great utility, gives the most detailed and accurate relation to concerning him up. But were it not for you, if you neglect any of them. When Finney, the "wine-dresser," who lives down near the river on Pontard street, was a boy, he was within an ace of being lost, because of his ignorance. Being left alone, one morning, in the afternoon, Mr. Rousseau, the wood merchant, who picked up a book which lay there and began to read about himself. It was the *Petit Albert*, and he had opened at the conjuration. No sooner had the mysterious words passed his lips than the devil appeared. Finney was so frightened he let the book fall, and stood trembling. His unexpected visitor seeing he had a victim, and not a master, before him, whisked him off to hell.

Happy Mr. Rousseau, smelling the brimstone, came running out the book, which lay on the floor wide open at the fatal place, showed him how the case stood, and immediately conjured up the devil and made him bring back the boy.

If you wish to see the devil on particular business, such as selling him your soul, you have only to go, at midnight, with a jet-black chicken under your arm, to the cross at the forks of a road, and cry three times: "A black chicken for sale!" Should Satan not be engaged elsewhere at the moment, he appears in one of his numerous forms and offers a price for the chicken, which is understood to be emblematic of the soul. He is a sharp trader, and gets most souls at a bargain, dirt-cheap. Madame Renaud, however, had too long a head for him. Her husband's affairs were in a wretched condition; his cow had died, his crops turned out badly, and his creditors were about to levy on all his property. He was a good man, and unwilling to part with his own hopes of happiness; but he raised the money by selling his wife's soul to the devil. A proviso in the sale made it void if the vendee should be unable to tell the name of any one of three animals the vendor was to show him. The first two were a guinea-pig and a young chicken; their names were told at once. Renaud was amazed at the shrewdness of old Nick, and asked a delay of twenty-four hours before showing the last animal. He didn't want to lose his wife, who was a great help to him, both in the field and in the house. In his perplexity, he resolved to consult her on the subject. After scolding him for making such a bad bargain and not telling her of it sooner, she told him to take the devil into the stable, when he came, and show him the beast in the first stall. He did so; the beast was such a frightful looking nondescript that the devil ran away in a panic; it was Renaud's wife, who had smeared herself over with honey and rolled in the contents of a feather bed.

Legends of this sort abound; as well as those in which the saints are represented as having got the better of the devil in some way. For instance, Saint Martin turned the laugh so completely against him at Pouligny that he has been disgusted with the place ever since. The saint having a new piece of stumpy ground to clear and break up, neglected himself as a peasant, and proposed to Satan to do the work in a share of the first crop.

"We'll divide equally," said the saint; "you shall have all above the ground, and I'll have it."

The bargain was struck, and the Old Serpent did up the work in capital style. But as the Saint planted nothing but potatoes and turneps, the devil got nothing but tops. The result did not destroy his confidence in his cunning partner; we find him renewing the bargain for the year following; only, this time, he was to get all below the ground, and the saint all above. The saint sowed wheat, and lobbed off the devil with the roots, keeping the grain to himself. Satan was so ashamed of having been over-reached, he could never look Saint Martin in the face again.

Most of the legends representing Satanas as a drunken, choleric, or even, bear the stamp of the Catholic priesthood. There are some, however, of a different character, in which he appears to be of great advantage. The more ancient ones are full of the rosy wit and spiritiveness which have always characterized the French peasant. One of the best I have found is the following, said by Emile Souvestre to be current in Lower Brittany. I adopt the version of it usually printed.

THE DEVIL TURNED RECTOR.

One day as Jesus Christ was returning from Wolf Forest in the Parish of Augan, where he had gone to seed down the fields of a poor widow, he saw coming toward him a horseman sitting on a great cock. It was the Old Billy. [This name answers to the English Old Boy.] But is not so well chosen?

"You here, fallen angel!" cried he in his assumption.

"The high-road is free to every body," replied the father of sin with a saucy air.

"And where have you been?" asked Jesus Christ.

"I have been making the tour of my diocese," said the devil jeeringly. "My comrade Death, and I have chosen this as our harvest season among men; he has cut down the stalks, I have threshed them, and now I am taking away the chaff, leaving the good grain."

"So, the rack you have there on your horse is full of damned souls?" remarked the Savior.

"Yes," said Satan.

"Ordinarily, the devil cannot approach holy water," said the Savior, "and the gall on

Must I see them always fall into your snare? What right have you over my people?"

"The right a fox has over the poultry yard of a man," answered the devil, laughing until his horse shook again.

"Well, hark ye," said Christ, after a moment's meditation, "I offer you a fair bargain; if you will renounce your right to the souls in the bag there, I will permit you to live a whole day free from suffering."

"And I shall enjoy my usual power?" asked the devil.

"Yes," answered the God of Bethlehem, "but on condition you shall use it only to bestow gifts on men and not to torment them."

"It's a bargain," cried the Old Billy; "take the sack."

The Son of Mary took the souls thus saved—thanks to his mercy—and asked Satan under what form he wished to appear among men.

"The form of a monk," answered the devil, "I would like to take the waters for a day."

A consent, replied Jesus, on condition the more willingly, because nearly all the parishioners are sorcerers, and belong to you already; there are only three families of the clergy, the Banns, the Flochiks, and the Rannons; and to them the terms of our bargain bind you to do no harm.

Therefore, I relieve you, for a whole day, of your burden of reprobation, and during that time, holy things shall cease to be holy enemies. Go, poor-souled one, take a few hours of repose. As soon as they are past, your eternal punishment will again begin."

The Old William was no sooner alone than he hastened to change his form. Clanking himself in a brand-new cassock and band, a silk girdle, a fine castor hat with scolloped brim, he assumed the soft and rosy visage of a youth whom the priest would baptize among young girls, and taking a prayer book in his hand, trotted toward Konkored on a clumsy, thick-legged mare, whose head hung much below the line of the crupper. To see him, any body would have said he was a young saint, who needed only to die to go straight to heaven and be canonized on earth. So, when he entered the streets of the village, the cunning sorcerers of Konkored shook their heads and said laughingly that the young rector was rather green to be sent to such a parish. However, the three pious families came to bid Mr. William welcome; he thanked them with a smile as sweet as a nun's, and promised to return their visit the same day.

First, he put up his horse in the paragon stable; then he entered the church and remained kneeling some time on the pavement as if in prayer. But the devil's prayer is a curse for all good people; and instead of communing with God, he was plotting the ruin of men.

At the end of an hour, he rose and went to see the Banns, who lived nearer the church than the two other families. They were a childish couple that had lived to a ripe old age, pinched by poverty, but observing scrupulously all the regulations of the church. As the rector entered, they were sitting down to table, and it being a day of abstinence, they had nothing to eat but a little brown bread soup and butter milk. The rector's countenance expressed the most lively pity.

"Good people," said he, "have you always such bad fare?"

"Wrong, Mr. Curate," answered the old couple cheerily, "we eat meat soup once a month, and white bread every year, on Passion day."

"And you have never wished for better dishes?"

"Alas! wishing is poor people's complaint," answered Banns. As we have seen provisions going by for the chateau, my better half and I have often wished we could dine once in our lives as well as those rich people dine every day."

"Well, your wish shall be granted, good people," said Mr. William, merrily. "Here is an excellent recipe that the Virgin Mary made a present of to her son-in-law, to a certain saint. The recipe is this: In the possession of him who has such a present, like only be assured to be. As I intend to lend it to all the poor families in the parish, each in turn, I can let you keep it over this evening, and let me be long enough to let you enjoy out of those rich banquets you have so long envied."

He then went away, and the young couple placed the holy dish on their best table cloth, and asked each other what they should wish for. The old lady had a pretty thought of an omelette, with honey and a grape pie before they were before her on the table. Both she and her husband uttered a cry of astonishment and began to eat voraciously; but after a few mouthfuls, Banns stopped and said:

"We are wrong to commence with these dainties; let's have something solid first."

"Ask for brimstone call's head," observed the wife.

"Of a quarter of roast mutton," added the husband.

"With a rabbit pie," suggested the first.

"And smoked eels," continued the second.

"Don't forget plenty of white bread."

"Nor Bordeaux wine."

"And we'll have best quality of everything."

Everything they had named appeared in rapid succession on the table. They were about to begin, when the wife cried out suddenly:

"Jesus! we forgot this is Good Friday."

Banns was turned into marble, his knife and fork uplifted.

"Good Friday!" he repeated.

"Since yesterday was Good Thursday."

"You are right," said the peasant; "it is good Friday; a day of abstinence."

"We can't eat flesh without losing our souls," said his wife.

"And to think," he exclaimed, "we shall have to give up the ashen dish this morning!"

"True, the occasion will be lost."

"And we shall never have it again!"

"Gracious Heaven!" to leave this rabbit pie!"

"And the smoked eels!"

"Not to touch this roast mutton!"

"Nor the calf's head!"

The old couple looked at the dishes from which venereal odors were pouring out.

"Ordinarily, the devil cannot approach holy water," said the Savior, "and the gall on

up, utilizing their nostrils and sharpening their appetites.

"It would, however, be a sin to lose so many good things," observed Banns, looking longingly at them.

"Without counting," said the helpmate, "that the rector told us we might eat them."

"Did he, though?"

"Since he told us to regale ourselves."

"Very true," he told us, too, that this ashen dish belonged to a saint."

"Then it can't lead us into sin; it is a holy thing."

"So is everything that it brings us."

"We might eat, then, it seems to me, without impiety."

"On the contrary, it ought to be a pious action."

"Let us eat, then."

"Fall to!"

And they both began to devour the good things before them without once thinking that it was the sacred body of Christ's death. They had lost their souls through gluttony.

The devil, who had been seen through the hole of the door, all that had passed, rubbed his hands together joyfully and took his way toward the farm of the Banns. A widow and her pretty young daughter lived there, and this latter was about to marry her cousin Nedek, a handsome, industrious youth, who had been managing the farm for wages. The house was full of tailors who were making the wedding clothes, and of cabinet makers who were planning away on oak planks intended for the furniture of the bridal chamber. The young Marquis of Gwebrand was at the threshing floor, bargaining with the cousin for a horse. It was the widow and her daughter who received the new rector. After chatting about the seeding and a late distemper among the sheep, the widow was obliged to go out to milk the cows, and left the rector to talk with her daughter.

"You are about to assume responsibilities which require the peculiar grace of God," said he in a smug, sermon tone. "Gentlemen's wives have nothing to do but to make themselves look beautiful with gay and rich dresses, go to church in their carriages, and give dinners to their equals; but a farmer's wife must bid farewell to all pleasure and all repose. She must go to bed late, be waked up half a dozen times in the night to nurse the sick or suckle her infant, rise before everybody else and do as much work herself as all the servants about the house."

Genofa's air grew more pensive as she thought that what the rector had said must be true.

"And besides," continued the pretended priest, "the property of a farmer is not safe from accident like a nobleman's. Let a bad wind blow over his cattle or his crops, and his family is ruined. Then, it is the wife who has the worst to suffer for while the husband is busy out of doors, it is she who must hear the creditors dunning and the children crying."

"Alas! Mr. Rector, what you say is too true!" cried the frightened girl.

"I will not mention," continued the old William, "that hard working men are often in bad humor; but from being gallant with their wives, like the nobles; they often treat them as they do their horses and oxen."

"Jesus! and Nedek often beats his!" exclaimed Genofa, trembling.

"You see, then, that God favors you with a great trial," continued the devil in a canting tone; "bless the cross he sends you, my daughter, and rejoice that you are not the wife of a noble, and that you will know something of life except its pleasures and its varieties."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Rector," said Genofa, who was now sobbing as if her heart would break. "I do rejoice—but, oh, what will become of me! I hadn't thought of all that!"

And she took up the corner of her apron to wipe away the tears that were chasing each other down her rose and lily cheeks.

The young curate's eyes were moistened with sympathy.

"Listen, innocent child," said he, "I will come to your aid and assure you the affection of your future husband. Take this iron ring; its black color your betrothal hair. It was once worn by a famous bishop, and is of so marvelous a virtue that whoever man shall put it on his finger, he must do your will; and he, be prince or duke, you shall see him become your faithful lover."

Genofa took the ring and was so overjoyed she brightened up at once; she thanked the rector twelve times running, and accompanied him on his way as far as the little stile. Then she came back by the threshing floor, hoping to find Nedek; but he had gone away and there was nobody there but M. de Gwebrand, trying the horse he had just purchased. The marquis was tall and portly, and his visage was as ruddy as the setting sun; all the girls thought him the handsomest gentleman in the country. Genofa was thinking of what the Old William had said, and the iron ring he had given her. She was comparing in her own mind the life of a nobleman's wife with a laborer's; then she looked at her tall man, which the rector said would make even a duke or a prince love her. This one is only a marquis, thought she; suppose I make the experiment on him, just to see if the rector told me a story. The marquis saw her as she went tripping along through the field, and called out:

"Well, my pretty girl, you are soon going to take a master?"

"I have one already," she answered, looking modestly down.

"She alluded to the marquis, to whose master the farm belonged. He understood her so at least, and taking hold of her delicate hand, he said:

"On my soul! Genofa, if I am your first master, I ought to have your first kiss!" and he kissed her.

She wished to escape, and tried to withdraw her hand. As he pressed it more closely, he felt the iron ring on her finger, and asked her whose present it was. Genofa answered she had found it while cutting some grass in the prairie.

"In that case," said M. de Gwebrand, "it belongs to me, for I am lord of the manor."

And laughing as he did so, he took it from the young girl's finger. But he had scarcely slipped it on his own when a sudden

passion as he whispered in her ear:

"This ring must be the gaze of our love, Genofa. Mount with me on this horse, and I will take you to my fine chateau at Vannes. You shall have lackeys and waiting women, and silk dresses, and a chaplain, who shall say the mass for you alone."

A minute before, Genofa would have refused; but now she could not; she was under the magic influence of the ring. M. de Gwebrand took her in his arms and placed her before him on the saddle, like a child one takes to the Pardon; and away flew the horse, his four feet making the fire sparks fly from the pebbles in the road.

The devil, who was hidden behind the pigeon house, leaped up a dozen times for joy, and then went down the hill to the farm of the three brothers, the Rannons. The three were living peacefully together on the property left them by their father. Each had his portion, and cultivated it as he thought best, the others aiding him when he had need of it. The rector found them seated together at the door of the house, shaping wooden pins with their knives. They came forward to meet him, and invited him into the house, but the Old Billy declined, with a great many thanks.

"No, my excellent friends," said he, "I am come to wish you a happy day; keep on with your work, I beg you."

"We hope you will excuse our being so busy," Mr. Rector, said the oldest, "we are making some bolts to hold together the handles and the shares of our ploughs, which are much the worse for hard service."

"And still," added the second, "all three were made out of good elm wood, by the best plough maker at Angou; but our land is as hard as rye, and ready for the oven, and makes one sweat to plough a furrow in it."

"Then, put in the third, 'we must either stop at noon, or have a second team, which is either a delay or a ruinous expense.'"

"I sympathize with your difficulties, my dear sons," said the devil, "and I think I can help you. This little bolt I hold in my hand was made by Saint Joseph. Any plough, so long as this bolt touches the share, will work alone, and cut as many furrows as three similar ploughs, drawn by double teams. Unfortunately, it can have but one master at a time, and I can give it to but one of you."

"Draw straws to see which shall have it!" said the three brothers together.

The rector consented, and the bolt was drawn by Kado, the youngest brother. Old Billy gave it into his hands and went away, telling the two eldest to beware of the sin of jealousy. Kado ran and found his oldest plough, took it out to a field that had lain fallow three years, and stuck the bolt through the share. At the instant the instrument of tillage started off as swiftly as a bird regarding its nest, and turned up a furrow, beautifully regular, and twice as deep as the iron of a spade. The two brothers who were looking on, stood motionless with surprise; their love for Kado was soon swallowed up in envy, and Kado for them in pride.

"That boy was lucky in gaining the bolt," they murmured, "our right was as good as his; but luck was on his side."

Kado overheard them, and turned round proudly.

"Don't speak with such impiety," said he, "and call the will of God luck. If I have been selected for this precious gift, it is evidently because I was the most deserving."

At this the two brothers broke out into angry clamor, and called him a puffed up braggart. Kado flew into a rage.

"Go off," said he, "don't drive me to extremities; for with my plough I can soon have a princely fortune; and when I am rich, I can make beggars of you if I take a fancy to do it."

This threat roused all the worst passions of the two brothers.

"Take care, son of a viper!" they cried, "for if you threaten us, we will soon take away what makes you so proud."

"Try it if you dare," shouted Kado, raising the plough as if he would strike them. A scuffle ensued, and the next moment Kado fell dead, stabbed in twenty places with the knives his brothers still held in their hands. A loud and demoniac burst of laughter re-echoed from behind the hedge.

Old Billy, who had seen all, went back to the paragon as happy as a merchant when he has cheated a poor peasant in the price of corn.

On his arrival, he ordered the servant to get ready for his supper a breast of pork cooked in its own juice, and to bespeak at the tavern as much elder as would intoxicate twelve drunkards from Guemene. At this moment, some one coming told him the Banns had been found in their cabin, dead of a surfeit. He snapped his fingers, and told the cook to add a dozen bottles of wine to his supper. As he was sitting down to table, he was told that the Marquis of Gwebrand and Genofa Flochiks, who had eloped with him, had been found with their brains dashed out at the bottom of a quarry; their horse had taken fright and leaped with them into the yawning abyss. This pleased the devil so much that he jumped up, danced a hornpipe, and ordered the cook to make him a famous salad.

As he was finishing his supper, he was told that the two Rannons had hung themselves out of remorse for the murder of their brother Kado. He uttered a cry of exultation, and ordered up a dozen bottles of the best liquors in the cellar.

The bottom of his last glass was in the air, as Jesus Christ appeared on the threshold.

"Old William, your hour is come," he said, "and you must now return to the flames of hell."

"I am going," answered the Hissing Serpent, "but I shall have good company, for I take with me every pious person you had in France. You forbade me to torment them, so I enriched them, and ruined them that way. This will be a lesson to you. Naanenei, you will know another time, that to make men wicked there is a surer way than to do them harm: it is to do them good."

A Parisian milliner has taken out a patent for a leather bonnet, a new and extremely elegant article, says the Court Journal. The leather is exceedingly thin and delicately cannelled, and is drawn over the face in the same manner as silk or velvet. It has the advantage of being water proof.

From the Cincinnati Columbian and Great West.

A STEAM ENGINE IN THE CLOUDS.

M. Henri Giffard, after many failures and discouragements, has at last made a successful ascension with his balloon, propelled by steam. The great interest with which the experiment is regarded here, leads me to devote considerable space to a description of the machine.

The aerostat is in the shape of a fish; an elongated form being necessary to obtain either speed or direction. It is 140 feet long, and forty feet in diameter in the middle, but is tapering at the ends. A small triangular sail performs the office of both rudder and keel. Twenty feet beneath the silken bag, is a steam engine of six horse power, supported upon a wooden framework, sustained by the netting. In the middle is a seat for one man, with a tub upon each side, one for water, and the other for coal. The engine, with all its accessories, is one of the most beautiful pieces of mechanism possible to imagine. Everything is arranged with a view to serve two grand purposes, the protection of the gas from the fire, and the propulsion of the whole through the air. The chimney points downward. The motive power is a screw, which turns upon itself 110 times in a minute. The water contained in the tank is pumped into the boiler by a piston worked by the engine itself. The loss of weight by evaporation of the water and escape of the fuel in smoke and cinders, balances the inevitable loss of gas through the pores of the silk. It is therefore the best sort of ballast that can be taken. The engine is surmounted on all sides by wheels that run in any direction, so that when it touches the earth upon descending, it exhausts its impetus by rolling the necessary distance.

The aerostat, were it inflated with pure hydrogen gas, would have an ascensional power of 5,600 pounds. But the great expense of hydrogen necessitates the employment of common illuminating gas, which is much more dense. Filled with this, the balloon will carry a weight of only 3,800 pounds. The following is the weight actually supported, in the trial just made:

Aerostat proper,	640 lbs.
Netting,	390 "
Ropes sustaining the engine, etc.,	600 "
Engine and boiler, empty,	300 "
Water and coal contained in them at the start,	320 "
Hanging, frame-work, wheels, and tanks,	840 "
Blanking rope and anchor,	160 "
M. Henri Giffard,	140 "
Ascension fees necessary over and above the weight of the whole,	20 "
	3,210 "

There remains, therefore, disposable, a weight of 300 pounds, which must be the limit of the water and fuel in the tanks. The speed of this machine, through an atmosphere perfectly calm, is, as an average, eight feet a second—five miles an hour—no very grand result, perhaps, but sufficient for a first attempt.

The experiment set, or seemed to set, two points at rest. The machine maintained throughout, its horizontal position, and this, in the opinion of many scientific men, was the grand question at issue. And the proximity of the fire to the bag containing the inflammable gas, was attended with no inconvenience or danger. Again, the engineer, though he did not attempt, with so feeble means of propulsion, to make head against the wind, was able, by means of the rudder, to turn the aerian vessel's head in any direction he pleased. He did really seem to exercise some sort of control over his extraordinary locomotive. And this thought is yet unvaluable as a means of transport, is still an immense point gained.

The consumption of coke and water counterbalanced the escape of gas. For the elevation at first obtained was only 4,500 feet, while that at which the aerostat found himself at the expiration of an hour, was 5,400. He descended safely, though with considerable horizontal impetus; the wheels came into play; however, and bore successfully their share of the experiment.

M. Giffard announces another ascent to take place during the week. This time the hippodrome will be two small for the audience. Emile de Giffard makes the experiment the subject of an editorial, and styles the experimenter "The Eulion of aerian navigation." He believes that from this moment, travelling in the air becomes a question, the political importance of which it is impossible to overrate; involving, as it does, the disbanding of armies, and the suppression of certain houses.

SECRETARIES.

From the Boston Herald.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN CALIFORNIA.

A letter from San Francisco says:

The readers of the *Herald* may not be aware of the extent to which we have carried 'woman's rights' in California. Be it known to them, therefore, that we have a law which enables women to carry on business in their own name, or independently of their husbands, or their husbands' creditors. The enclosed advertisement, which I take from the San Francisco *Herald*, gives all the information necessary to an understanding on the subject, and will show how the women of California do things.

Notice. Whereas, Mrs. Emice Smith, wife of Jasper F. Smith, of the city of San Francisco has this day made and recorded, according to statute, her declaration that she intends to carry on business in her own name and on her own account, to wit—the Real Estate and Auction business. Now, therefore, she gives notice that, from this date she shall be individually responsible in her own name, for all debts contracted by her on account of her said business, and she intends to avail herself of all the provisions of an act entitled an act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name, as sole traders.

EMICE SMITH.

San Francisco, Aug. 11, 1852.

Partnership Notice. The undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership for the transaction of the millinery, fancy goods, and general merchandise business, under the style of White & Perkins.

MARY WHITE.
MARY E. PERKINS.

San Francisco, July 29, 1852.

The Glasgow Times understands that C. F. Jackson, has sold his estate and designs moving to Texas.

BOARDING.

MRS. CATHERINE H. HARRIS.

Is prepared to accommodate a gentleman and his wife with boarding, and also a few day boarders. Residence on Hill, between Main and Third streets.

Mr. Jordan was a bachelor on the shady side of forty, and consequently was subject to the tender mercies of boarding-house-keepers. Circumstances had kept Mr. Jordan an inmate of Mrs. Wiggins' boarding-house for a long time, and Mrs. Wiggins was a lady of one idea—namely, economy. Her experiments in economical philosophy, and philosophical economy were, for the most part, brought to bear upon the stomachs of her boarders, as 'vittles' is the principal item of expense in mediocre boarding-houses. Mr. Jordan had been started by some of the aforesaid experiments, but he had borne with patience the present and certain evil, rather than fly to the others he knew not of, until one day, when butter was scarce, high, Mrs. Wiggins hit upon the sensational plan of spreading with her own economical hands the butter upon the allowance of bread she doled out to her boarders, excusing herself for this interference in their affairs by stating, in the blindest manner, that she assumed that task cheerfully, to save them trouble!

Mr. Jordan came to tea rather late upon the first evening of this new dole, sat down in the presence of all the other boarders, and remained a slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who had gone through the ceremony of buttering it before his eyes. Mr. Jordan eyed the bread inquisitively, and began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it closely through his spectacles.

"What is the matter with your bread and butter?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing," said Mr. Jordan, still turning the piece over, and persisting in his scrutiny.

"The positive, Mr. Jordan, that you do see something. Now I want," said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement, "I want my boarders to tell me right out when their vittles don't suit 'em. Now Mr. Jordan, what is it?"

Mr. Jordan laid down the slice upon his plate, raised his spectacles to his forehead, and replied with great deliberation—

"Mrs. Wiggins, there's nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you. But Mrs. Wiggins, and here Mr. Jordan glanced mischievously down the vista of attentive faces, 'I have lived in this world eight-and-forty years, and I find myself this evening sure a specimen that I can't tell for my life which side of my bread is buttered!'"

SINGULAR METHOD OF FINDING DOWNWARD PASSAGE.—The late London papers relate that on Saturday, the 26th Sept., an agricultural laborer named Solomon Dunford, left the crown public house, opposite the Fountain Hotel, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, for a few moments, leaving his basket and a pint of beer, partly drank, but did not return. On Monday of next week, at noon, the body was discovered in the water, near the Fountain Quay. The features did not present the same appearance as it is usual in drowned persons, the face being entirely black. A "novel process" was used for the recovery of the body, by one of the coast-guard. On Friday morning, the circumstance being made known to him, he assured the bystanders that if the party was drowned in the neighborhood, he would discover the body by means of a "new loaf" of bread, in which should be deposited three ounces of quicksilver, when the loaf would float till it rested over where the body might lay. However extraordinary it may appear, the experiment was tried, and on the loaf becoming stationary, a bathook was put overboard beneath it, and brought up the body. The man states that this is the fourth instance in which the experiment has been tried by him with success.

Hogs.—We have to notice a considerable fluctuation in the Hog market in different places, and as a consequence the purchasers at this place are holding off for further advices. Some 700 to 800 head have been contracted for at \$4 50 a pair; and though no positive decline has taken place, our friends prefer not to contract further at the highest prices without further and more favorable advices from other markets.

Any number of good Hogs can be engaged at \$4.—Louisiana Record.

An old Paris paper has the following significant remark:

"The American and English educate their children in the fear of God and the love of money."

Alas! it is too true in the latter regard.

The N. E. Reporter announces that the building of the Christian University, located at Canton, Mo., has been let to Messrs. Jenkins & Woolfolk, the former of St. Louis and the latter of Lincoln county, known as gentlemen of capital and enterprise, and who will push the work forward to a speedy completion. The work was let at about \$25,000.

The New York Times, is speaking of Mr. Webster's death, says

"Of the eminent ones of the United States who have been voted for President, only two are now alive, out of eleven. The candidates in 1824, were Crawford, Jackson, Clay and Adams. In 1828, Jackson and Adams. In 1832, Jackson, Clay and Wm. A. Rives. In 1840, Van Buren, Webster and Harrison. In 1844, Clay and Polk. In 1848, Cass and Taylor."

The use of lemon juice as a remedy for rheumatism is a table-spoonful in twice the quantity of water, with little sugar every hour—is recommended by a physician in New York, who has tried it successfully.

We are it stated in the Brunswick that the Methodist (South) of this State are proposing to build and endow a "first class college," under patronage of the St. Louis and Missouri Conferences. Speed the cause.